

Rolette. L.M.D.

"O that one might plead for a man with God, as a man pleadeth for his neighbor!" -- Job 16:21

Fine *Da Capo*

1. I send the joys of earth away A way ye tempters of the mind Your streams were floating me along Down to the gulf of black despair
False as the smooth deceitful sea And empty as the whistling wind.

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D.C. And whilst I listened to your song Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

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2. Now to the shining realms above/ I stretch my hands and glance my eyes/ O for the pinions of a dove/ To bear me to the upper skies.
There from the bosom of my God/ Oceans of endless pleasures roll/ There would I fix my last abode/ And drown the sorrows of my soul.